

Halo: Evolved Combat

by KmJ170

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Summary: When John chooses Spartan-087 for the Space-op at Reach, canon is changed. For one, there's three Spartans on the Pillar of Autumn. ON INDEFINATE HOLD. If anyone likes to continue this, they have permission. I may continue if given enough requests

1. Prologue

Gamma

0558 hours, August 30, 2552

"Sir," Kelly said. "Permission to lead the space-op."

John pondered for a second. He had originally intended to lead, but...

"Fred," he said, "You lead Red Team. I'm leading Blue. Kelly and James, you're with me."

Kelly was a proficient sniper, and her speed would prove more than invaluable on this mission. And he picked James because James never gave up; even when his hand had been burned off, he'd shrugged off the shock - at least for a while - helped them fight the Covenant Behemoths in Sigma Octanus IV. He'd need that kind of determination on this mission...

...

"Blue-Two!" John yelled. "I said, fall back!" A shower of needles sped towards him. John was about to move when something else flashed past him. Kelly.

She moved faster than ever before, fired at the crystalline projectiles, shattering a few and dropped an explosive behind her.

There was a bang and the shock wave hit her, accelerated her, and collided with James, their momentum carrying them fifty metres forward.

The rest of the needles hit the C12 and detonated. A subsonic fist slammed into John, pushing him backwards. The 20 kilograms of C12 detonated the Pelican, leaving a crater behind.

Raising his M6D and activating the scope, he fired into the aliens. The bullets ricocheted off their shields. More Covenant landing pod slammed into the space station. "Let's get out of here," yelled Kelly. Indicating towards the crater where the Pelican had been, John commented, "We have a way in." Kelly and James fired their thruster packs into Space Station Gamma. John followed them, firing at the hundreds of Elites and Jackals swarming towards them...

...

His tracker detected a motion behind Kelly. He had to warn her...

A plasma ball slammed into her back. She dropped, rolled and stepped back, MA5B up and firing. Two jackals toppled off the upper ledge and splattered on the floor.

Kelly entered the Pelican. "We're home free," she said.

James took the control of the Pelican and giving the engines a long burn, rocketed out of the Station.

Kelly took off her helmet as soon as the Pelican pressurized. A trickle of blood seeped out of her mouth. "Did we win?" she gasped.

John nodded. "I got the database."

Kelly smiled. "As always."

Captain Keyes sent a voice transmission through the COM, and instantly John was alert. He heard Fred's voice. "...Bad... Reactor number three... Set off those charges!... Be advised... Ground-side reactors falling. Too many. We'll have to use the nukes..."

Kelly's eyes mirrored his horror. Peering out the blood tray, John saw the multiple Cruisers casually sailing over the planet, glassing it.

He'd seen it millions of times before... But now his people were on it. dropship entered the Pillar of Autumns bay.

John tersely said to Kelly and James, "Prep the cryotubes. I'll talk to the Captain."

They nodded. They'd seen and understood, too.

...

Captain Keyes nodded to John on the bridge. "We won't be picking them up," he said quietly. John took a deep breath. "Permission to take a dropship and retrieve them, sir."

Keyes fiddled with his pipe. "I'm sorry, Master Chief, but you three can't tackle what twenty-three can't." John nodded. "I understand," he muttered bitterly.

Cortana began sorting the Nav-Data onto Ensign Lovell's console. Keyes turned to him. "Get us out of here, Lovell."

Space swirled around the Autumn as she disappeared.

John looked out into the inky darkness of no-where and found Kelly at his side. She looked up to him.

"Dr. Halsey's mission is even more important, sir." she said softly. John didn't respond. "John, we are humanity's last hope." John wondered about Kelly calling him "John" instead of sir. More personal, he decided. And he liked that.

Turning towards the cryobay, John nodded. "At least we're alive. I'm going to win this war."

"No matter what it takes," Kelly finished for him.

John stared at his reflection on the glass cryopod. The Master Chief Petty Officer Sierra 117. Not John.

His Spartans were his last link back to his old life. And it had been broken. Except for James... And Kelly. He pondered this too.

Did he love Kelly? Not just as a friend or a brother. He remembered how they had been best friends before Sam died. And now the rest of them; not only Sam, but Linda, Fred... Dr. Halsey. They were all gone. Glassed. Burnt to nothingness.

Slowly, he took off his armour, revealing the man under it. Not Master Chief. John.

He looked into the now closing cryotubes next to him. Kelly and James's bodies. Not just Spartans. People. His friends.

He stepped into the cryotube and dreamed of a life without war. Of peace. Something he could only begin to imagine.

The tube hissed shut.

Hello everyone again! I'm writing this after firerwolf told me it was healthy to slow down bit. This was intended to be a once on spinoff the Fall of Reach, but turn it into a real story. Thanx to all viewers. Please R&R. If there are problems, tell me. I will fix. Kimjel, out.

An Anon. guest told me this chapter failed. It did. I couldn't be stuffed to retype everything out of the Fall of Reach. Next chapters will be all my work and hopefully better. **Kimjel, out.**

2. Reveille

Revielle

Thump.

Sam stared at the three cryopods sitting in the Cryo 2. Stared at Thom. Thom was talking and -

Oh yeah. Thom's talking to you.

"Uhh, what was that, sir? Didn't get that."

Usually the senior officer would have reprimanded the junior crewman, but there was no time.

"Initiate the thawing sequence."

Sam danced his fingers over the pad. "Yes sir... done, sir."

Cortana's 'unseal the hushed casket' flicked across the screen. Sam noted it. "Sir, security lockout overridden. Thanks, Cortana."

The cryopods began to warm up and...

...John ran.

As fast as he could.

His six year old body tripped through the hedges, no longer knowing its skill, Kelly and James tumbling after them. The Mother/Halsey/Cortana figure behind them was enveloped by the dark shape with a roar.

The MAB5 in James's arms was too big for him, as he aimed it he tripped and fell, the dark shape enveloping him, too.

"James!" Kelly shouted, turning and running back. John stopped and shouted. "No! Kelly! You'll get yourself killed!" James, he could handle, but Kelly was his best friend. Kelly... was Kelly. He couldn't let her die.

It was too late. Kelly stopped when she saw the dark shape absorb James, growling and roaring at her. She backpedalled furiously, it was faster - faster than Kelly - and rolled over her. John heard a brief scream and he completely snapped.

Grabbing the MAB5, his six year old arms let a burst loose, knocking him backwards onto the ground. And now the shape was angry. Very angry, and he screamed his fury, fury of his helplessness and anger at the shape, fear forgotten...

John slowly came to as the cryopod opened.

"Sir?"

Two strobes flashed across his Neural Interface, Tech Chief Thom Shephard and Tech Officer (3rd Class) Sam Marcus.

Sam... The name cracked an old wound that had never healed.

A nearby cryotube hissed open. John - still adrenaline going from his dream - sighed with relief as he saw it was Kelly, and also James's

cryotube opening, too.

There was a big, ugly freezer burn running down Kelly's back from the plasma wound she'd taken on the Circumference. But that was the bread-and-butter of SPARTAN life, enduring pain without recognition.

The Tech Officer hissed something about "freezer burn" when he saw Kelly and shouted something down to the Tech Chief. John hadn't been listening, but he heard the explosion.

The last thought that Sam had as the door blew down was, we were too late. We're screwed.

James gasped as a crimson armoured Elite - the maroon armour of a veteran, John noted - entered the cryo control room. Giving an angry growl, knowing he'd come too late, he leveled his plasma rifle at Sam's head and blew it off.

"Sam!" shouted Thom. He ran towards the cryobay doors, did a series of double takes, turned, and made hastening motions at the three Spartans. Kelly took the initiative the wrong way.

"With respect, sir, we need to go now," she said urgently. James cocked his head to one side and looked at her hard.

Kelly turned slightly red and opened the weapons locker, spilling parts of three MNJOLNIR Mk. VI suits out. John and James instantly began picking them up.

The elite above them growled and fired two energy beams into the transparent material. It blackened, but didn't break.

Growling, he smashed the window.

"Aaah!" yelled the Navy Officer. Ducking behind a cryotube, he screamed, "I'm a cowardly fool!"

In two fluid motions, Kelly snagged Thom's M6D and fired three shots into the Elite's head. It's shielding failed and it collapsed, cleanly de-brained.

John grabbed the falling plasma rifle and shot the rest of the grunts following the Elites. Needle guns and plasma pistols fell to the ground.

The three Spartans quickly suited up and James overcharged the shield regenerator - it would only probably live so long, anyway.

John quickly took in everything:

One (almost) useless, fearful Navy Tech. Kelly flipped him his M6D back, and he seemed to calm with the feel of the weapon.

>One needler. Almost empty.
One needler, broken. John quickly scooped up it's ammo

>Two teammates, armed with Plasma Rifles and Pistols.<p>

They were good to go.

Thom re-asserted himself. Saluting to John, he shouted hurridly,

"Sir, how do we get out?"

John surveyed the cryobay. The smashed window, he could get out there, but Covenant probably lurked there. Too bad, the door's locking mechanism was busted, broken shut. They'd have to take the window.

Vaulting himself up and hauling the Tech after him, he looked around: one door was broken down, the other pointed back to the landing.

"You wait here," he said to James and Kelly. "I'm going to the bridge. If I'm not back or don't call in 10 minutes, come find me. OK?"

The Tech saluted. John'd forgotten about him.

"Yeah, you," he addressed the Tech, "You get back to your station."

The Tech reloaded his pistol and ran down the hallway. John took an alternate route.

Yeah, I was silent too long. This chapter is not finished. Please R&R. It's simple courtesy.

End
file.